

Playground on a Winter Night

The perfect snow has covered every footprint
eliminating every trace of play
on the ground at the base of the slide
and formed a sugar-crystal glaze
on the bars of the jungle gym

The swings have not been taken down
Their chains sway back and forth
propelled by childish ghosts
whose laughter masquerades as wind

They race to see
which one can fly the highest
then skitter off to climb the jungle gym
and tumble down the slide
leaving no trace of their play
no telltale footprint
in the perfect snow